

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA.  
ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1756.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,472.

*Superior Court.*

NEWPORT, R. I.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

JAN. McLEOD, No. 103—John Yule, Chief;  
Alexander Gilles, Secretary. Meets 2nd  
and 4th Fridays.

### A Prosperous Season.

*Board of Aldermen.*

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is expected to arrive at Oakland Farm shortly for a brief visit to the United States before returning to England for the coming season.

Mrs. Ann E. Coggeshall who died in New Bedford last week at the age of 101 years, was a native of Newport.

James B. Brayton is seriously ill home.

### Mail Contracts.

### Small Child Drowned.

Captain Joseph P. Cotton has re-  
turned from a visit to Philadelphia and  
Albany.

Mrs. Charles O. Muenchluger.

**John Pengelly,**

**Mantononi Club.**

A. O. Titus is visiting her son daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. Titus.

T. T. Pitman is confined to his home by illness.

# Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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## Chapter 12

IT'S more than a fortnight since I've been able to write about any of the things that have happened to me. The last I did was on the morning after the great affair, when we were looking forward to the pink ball in the evening. Mrs. Ess Kay didn't quite have her wish, for the ball was a moderate success, but it did seem a pale pink after the gorgeousness of the night before, and it might have been still paler (as every one felt rather washed out) if it hadn't been for one special excitement. Mohunsligh's engagement to Carolyn Pritchley was announced, and we were told that the wedding would have to be soon, as Mohunsligh had had news which called him back to England, and he wanted to take his bride with him.

Before I stopped to think I'd promised Carolyn to be one of her bridesmaids, but five minutes later I would almost have liked to change my mind because of Potter. He was asked to be an usher. (I didn't know at the time what that meant, but I had a vague impression it was something of importance at American weddings.) So that I was sure to see a lot of him if I were bridesmaid, and in any case I was beginning to feel he might make it too awkward for me to visit much longer with Mrs. Ess Kay.

However, when on second thought I tried to get out of my promise by hinting that I might have to go home, Carolyn seemed ready to cry and said that if I threw her over it would spoil everything. The wedding would be in ten days, and surely I hadn't been thinking of going back to England as soon as that?

It was quite true, I hadn't. And more than that, I knew I shouldn't be welcome at home. I made up my mind to get through somehow and told Carolyn I had only been joking.

She had always wanted to be married at Grace church in New York, but New York is no place for August weddings, if an August wedding you must have; so Carolyn's invitations, which appeared almost immediately after the engagement was announced, told every one that Mr. and Mrs. Pritchley begged them to be present at their daughter's marriage in the drawing room of the Chateau de l'Alsace.

I didn't know that you could be married in a drawing room, but it seems you can, quite properly. However, when I go home I don't think I'd better say much about that part of Mohunsligh's wedding, or some of the old-fashioned people might understand. I should hate them to get the idea just because of the drawing room that poor Carolyn was morganatic or something.

She seemed ecstatically happy, more than I could imagine any girl being if she had to marry Mohunsligh, who, although a dear good fellow when you know him, isn't a bit romantic. But he suddenly blossomed out into all sorts of pleasant American ways, sent Caro flowers and things every day, though I fancy he couldn't afford it; gave her a lovely solitaire diamond ring, which I'm sure he couldn't, and a "guard," an heirloom in his family.

It would have been shocking, Carolyn said, for her to be seen anywhere after the invitations were out, though I can't think why, as she didn't seem at all ashamed of marrying Mohunsligh, but rather the contrary, and asked me hundreds of questions about what she would have to do when she was a countess. Fortunately, though, she had lots of things to keep her busy in doors, trying on such frocks as she could get made in a hurry and writing letters to every girl she knew announcing her engagement.

The funniest things about the whole affair were—for me—the ushers, the rehearsals for the wedding and having a married woman as a sort of head bridesmaid. Carolyn's best girl chum was married herself in the spring, so she had to be what they call a matron of honor.

It seemed horribly irreverent to rehearse for the ceremony, but nobody else thought so except Mohunsligh and me, and Mohunsligh said in confidence that he'd found out the bridegroom was a mere lay figure at a wedding—anyhow in America—and he intended to let Caro do exactly as she liked until after they were married. Then she might have to find out that once in a while it would be just as well if she did what he liked. But he asked me not to mention this to Carolyn and her stepmother, so I didn't. And in spite of my objection the rehearsals were interesting. I felt as if I oughtn't to laugh and joke, but the others all did tremendously, so I did, too, in the end.

Mohunsligh was disappointed because that Californian friend of his (whom he would have visited if it hadn't been for falling in love unexpectedly and getting married) couldn't come and be his best man. He urged him, but something interfered, Mohunsligh didn't tell us what, and Mr. Jameson B. Harborough wasn't even able to come to the wedding. I was disappointed, too, as Mohunsligh had told us such romantic things about his friend that we all wanted to see him. Mr. Harborough had been a sailor and a cowboy and had left everything to fight in the Spanish war, where he'd done brave and splendid things, and might have stayed in the army afterward as a captain if he had liked. But he preferred to go back to his old, free life and was still a poor young man until two or three years ago, when

some land in which he'd invested a few savings turned out to have gold in it—quantities of gold, gold enough to make a famous mine and give Mr. Harborough a great fortune. Sally knew a good deal about the new millionaire too. It seemed that some of his in the west somewhere were acquaintances of hers and had told her how immensely he had been sought out and flattered in San Francisco and other places since he'd become rich. He asked it so much that he'd gone abroad and stopped a long time, wandering about in strange eastern countries making friends with Bedouins and people like that who love horses better than money, and on account of certain experiences with women he'd got almost a morbid horror of falling in love with some girl who would only pretend to like him, while in reality all she cared about was his money. Nobody in Mrs. Ess Kay's set knew Jameson B. Harborough, though every body would like to, so it was a blow to others beside Mohunsligh and me that he couldn't or wouldn't show himself at Newport for the wedding.

With the exception of this one little thing nothing went wrong so far as the wedding party was concerned, but with me things began to go very wrong several days before Caro and Mohunsligh were married. There was a fuss of some sort between Sally and Mrs. Ess Kay, and Sally came to me, very much upset, to say that she would have to leave the Moorings immediately, she couldn't stand it twenty-four hours longer, even for my sake. She had promised to visit a friend in Chicago sooner or later, so she would go straight to her, and if anything too tiresome should happen before I was ready to sail for home, I had better run out there—the friend would be delighted to have me. Sally gave me the address, and I told her I would write often, but of course I didn't dream of having to accept her invitation. I missed her badly, but not as much as if the wedding had not been so near.

Poor old Mohunsligh, who knows more about the manners of polite society than etiquette in American society—was coached by Potter, and the night before the wedding rehearsal reluctantly gave an elaborate dinner to his best man (an officer in Stan's regiment who happened to turn up) and the six ushers. The same day Carolyn had her matron of honor and the bridesmaids to lunch, and we did have fun talking over things. I should have thought a luncheon with all girls and no men might have been a little tame, and perhaps it would in England, but in America girls are not at all shy. They say just as funny things as men, and take the most beautiful pains to amuse each other, so that it's impossible to be bored, and for hours on end you forget there is such a creature as man.

At home Mohunsligh would have had to give us things, of course, but in America it appears that the bridegroom makes presents to the best man and the ushers, so it was from Carolyn that I got a duck of a brooch, like an American flag, with stripes of diamonds and rubies and the blue part sapphires. Mohunsligh said that, as he was awfully hard up, it was bad luck for him to have to provide each of the bridesmaids with bouquets and chiffon muffs, and he could not see at all that it was a pretty idea for everything they carried in their hands to come from the bridegroom. But as Sally had told me that Carolyn's father had settled ten million dollars on her, I don't think Mohunsligh need have complained.

Although it was in a house, the wedding was very picturesque, and the bride and groom stood under a bell of white roses about as large as Big Ben. I enjoyed it all immensely, for it was my first time as bridesmaid, and I had a lovely frock and had copied from an old picture for which—when I wanted the bill—I found Sally had paid. There was a crush at the reception, but it only lasted two hours. After the bride and groom had gone, with showers of rice and satin slippers, we stayed and had a dance—just the ushers and bridesmaids and a few young people who were intimate friends of Carolyn's.

It was then that my greatest troubles began. On a pretense of showing some wedding presents which he said I hadn't seen because they were in a different room from the others Potter got me alone and proposed again. This time he didn't laugh and joke, as he had before, so that I could take it half in fun even while it made me uncomfortable, but was very serious indeed. When I wanted to go out he stood in front of the door and wouldn't let me pass, and his chin and eyes looked so horribly determined that he was more like Mrs. Ess Kay than ever.

"My dear little ladyship," he said, "you're not going to get away until you've given me my answer."

"But I have given it," said I.

"I don't call what you've given me an answer, because, you see, I want you so much, and I've made up my mind so hard and fast to have you that I shan't take 'no' for an answer."

"I don't see how you can help it, as it's the only one I have to give, and I've told you that two dozen times at least," I said, beginning to feel brittle, as I always have from the first whenever Potter talked about love.

"I know you have, but that doesn't count. There's no such word as fall in the bright lexicon of my youth. Look here, dear girl, you don't quite realize perhaps what a good time I'd give you if you married me. I've got as much money as my sister has, and I'd do just as you liked about staying in the army.

You could have a house in New York and a whole real live castle in your own country if you liked. I wouldn't care a rap how much you spent on clothes, and there isn't a woman in America who's got better jewels than you should have. I'd see to that. Besides, you could do what you choose for your own people. I couldn't stand you. I want to be friends with them. I never talked like this to you before, but you see what I mean. And now, isn't what I've said my inducement?"

"I wouldn't need any such inducements if I loved you," I answered, "but I don't and can't, and somehow I never have been able to believe that you really loved me."

"If that's the trouble you can make your mind easy. I want you badly."

"Then I'm sorry, for I sincerely can't marry you. I should be miserable and so would you."

"I'll risk that. You're too much of an English rosebud to understand anything about love. What you must do is to trust others who know what you ought to want better than you do yourself—your mother, for instance. You'd like to please her and your sister and brother, wouldn't you? Well, they all want you to say yes to me."

"How do you know?" I broke out.

"I do know. You can ask Kath if it isn't true."

"I don't want to talk to her about it."

"You needn't if you'll only be a good girl and do what everybody expects you to do. Come now, do say yes, and let's be happy."

That did make me furious.

"Any one would think I was a naughty child and you were some kind of meddler the whole family was waiting for me to take!" I exclaimed. "It's a wonder you don't get out your watch and give me five minutes to do it in."

His eyes began to sparkle with anger. I believe he would have liked to box my ears, and I know I could have boxed his.

"I thought English girls were brought up to be sensible," said he, "and amiable."

"I can't help what you thought," I answered rudely, for I was getting desperate. "You're no right to keep me here like this, and it won't do you a bit of good, for if you stand there till we're both in our second childhood I won't change my mind. You ought to know that now, Mr. Parker. Please let me go."

He didn't move.

"If you don't let me scream at the top of my lungs," I said, "and he won't have seen that I meant it, for he hung open the door with a slam, and I swept past him with my nose in the air, trying to see him again till it was time to go home. Then he drove back with Mrs. Ess Kay and me to the Moorings in the shut up motor car and didn't open his mouth once on the way, which was wonderful for him and seemed somehow ominous.

I had been too angry and excited after that scene of ours to feel unhappy or to worry much about what might come next, but that drive, short as it was, with Potter freely silent and Mrs. Ess Kay alarmingly polite, made me feel that the end had come. I was sure she had been told by her brother what an obstinate, ungrateful girl I was, and I had a guilty sinking of the heart as if I really had been both. There was no Sally to protect me now, no one to advise me what to do, and there was a big lump in my throat as I said good night and went to my own room.

I hadn't been there long when there came a knock at the door, the same determined kind of inexorable knock which mother gives when I've been found out in something which she thinks it her duty to make me sorry for.

I'd locked the door and would have liked to make some excuse not to open it, but it was Mrs. Ess Kay's door and Mrs. Ess Kay's room just as much as it was Mrs. Ess Kay's brother I had refused.

She sat in all in black, like an executioner, though, of course, executioners don't go down into history wearing chiffon trimmed with jet.

"My dear Betty," said she, subsiding into a large armchair. "I want to have a serious talk with you."

It would have been stupid pretend-



"My dear Betty, I want to have a serious talk with you," she said, "but I don't want to understand, so I just looked at her and waited."

"I dare say you can guess what it's about?" she went on.

"I suppose so," I said. "I am very sorry about everything. But I can't help not being in love with Mr. Parker, can I?"

"I should have thought," said Mrs. Ess Kay, "that your mother's daughter would have attached very little importance to being in love. Apparently she hasn't been as successful with you as with Lady Victoria. Believe me, Betty, there's nothing in it—nothing at all."

"In what?"

"In what you call 'being in love.' A girl fancies a man for his eyes, or his dancing, or because he is strong, and she thinks she's in love with him, but it's only a fancy which passes before she's been his wife for twelve months, and she wonders what she ever saw in him then. A year after you have been

married to my brother, you will be very fond of him, and you will be one of the most important young women in America as well as in Europe. Oh, my dear, you will have to take him. Your mother will never forgive you if you don't. It was quite an understood thing between us when she lent you to me that if possible there was to be a match. Your beauty and name, and Potter's money. He's really a very good fellow—a temper, perhaps, but I wouldn't give much for a man without one, and, like most Americans, he'll make a splendid husband."

"For some one," I murmured.

"For you, Betty. I assure you. I haven't told the duchess you've definitely refused Potter. You must be persuaded. He engaged to him. Let him follow you to England."

"If I did that I should find myself being married off to a child before I knew."

"Well, and if you did? It would be because you'd had the chance to change your mind."

I shook my head. "I must go home to England," I said, "but Mr. Parker mustn't follow me."

Mrs. Ess Kay's face hardened.

"I'm afraid if you go home after refusing Potter you'll have a very poor welcome, my child. The duchess has been kind enough to take me a little into her confidence. I don't think she would have sent you over with me if she hadn't known something about Potter, and your sister's affairs aren't arranged yet. Oh, you needn't blush and look so indignant. The duchess didn't mind putting her difficulties in a letter when I wrote her you weren't behaving quite satisfactorily, and you may take it from me that at present things stand like this—you must go back an engaged girl or else stay away until Lady Victoria is married."

If mother were different I should have hoped Mrs. Ess Kay was exaggerating, but as it was I believed her, though I did my best to be high eyed and incredulous till she remarked that I could see the duchess' letter if I liked, though it might be rather embarrassing.

I was sure it would be and preferred to take its contents on faith, but I was so miserable that I had to keep my eyes staring wide open to prevent the tears dropping down. I was tired and forlorn and homesick—for Vic and Stan and the dear dogs and everything except mother—and I felt such a horrible weakness creeping over me that I could even imagine myself by and by doing what they meant me to do. I thought the best thing was to gain a respite lest Mrs. Ess Kay should drag some kind of a concession from me which I would have to live up to afterward.

"I can't talk any more about it now," I said. "I believe what you say, but it only makes it worse for me to think that mother should have made what amounts to a kind of bargain with you. Maybe by tomorrow everything won't seem so dreadful."

She got up with a relieved air. Perhaps even she hadn't been enjoying the conversation.

"Of course it won't," said she. "It won't seem dreadful at all. You've no idea how happy we're all going to be. Now, just you sleep well and dream sweet dreams and you'll wake up feeling a different girl. Maybe poor Potter hasn't been as tactful as he might be. That's because he's too much in love to be clever. But he has a lovely surprise for you tomorrow. Something connected with a certain finger of your left hand. I promise you that you'll like it. And now I'm going to leave you in peace for the night."

I can't tell what savage deed I might not have been capable of doing if she had had the idea of kissing me, but she hadn't. She merely patted me on the shoulder and went out, leaving me to stare aimlessly at the door after she had softly closed it.

## Chapter 13

I DON'T know how long it was before the thought came to me that I would take Vivace and a handbag and run away to Sally, but anyway it was before it had occurred to me to sit down.

Sally said before she went away that I was to go to her if I felt like it, and Sally always means what she says. Now I felt like it so much that it seemed suddenly the only possible thing to do, so all I had to decide was the best way and the best time to do it.

As for the time, if I didn't escape before Mrs. Ess Kay and Potter formed a hollow square round me to pour their volleys into my heart in the morning all that was prophetic in my soul said I would never escape, but would suffer great confusion and rout.

As for the way, it was more difficult to make up my mind, but the first thing was to see how much money I had in my exchange, which happened to be a gold purse Sally had given me. I hadn't spent much, and since coming over dear old Stan had sent me another fifteen pounds, which he wrote was part of one night's winnings at bridge—unusual for him, if it's true, as Vic thinks that he continually loses. Altogether I had nearly thirty pounds in hand, which seemed a lot, only I didn't know at all how much it would cost for Vivace and me to reach Sally in Chicago, and I couldn't tell until I had got irretrievably away from Mrs. Ess Kay and the Moorings.

By this time it was nearly 2 o'clock, and in a couple of hours it would be light. I must sneak out of the house with a dressing bag before any of the servants were stirring, and meanwhile I must pack up all my belongings except such things as Mrs. Ess Kay had given me—so that I could write and have my boxes sent on by and by.

As soon as I had realized that there wasn't a minute to throw away, the worse was over, for I didn't stop to grizzle. I finished getting out of my bridesmaid's dress in which I had

danced so gayly a little while ago, dashed a thin frock, a dressing gown and a few other things into my fitted dressing bag (which was almost too heavy to carry, but not quite), and then stuffed everything else, except a travelling frock, into the boxes that were stored in a huge wardrobe built into the wall.

I made all the haste I could, but I'm not clever at making, so I heard some clock striking 1, when I had slipped on my thin gray canvas coat and skirt, and was putting on my hat, with cold hands that trembled so much I could hardly stick to the latches.

I had been excited enough the day I heard I was to come to Mrs. Ess Kay, but I was twice as excited now when I was going to leave her. I felt rather frightened still I couldn't help smiling when I said to myself how little I had thought when I learned the great news about America and Mrs. Ess Kay, in what circumstances I should part from her.

Each step Vivace and I took in the corridors and on the stairs seemed to make such an incredible noise in the quiet house that I felt like a runaway elephant clomping with a hippopotamus, but either it wasn't as loud as I thought or every one was lying charmed in a magic sleep, for we got out through a window in the dining room, down the veranda steps and across the lawn without being stopped, as I half expected.

I knew the way to the railway station very well, for I had often been there since I arrived (the last time was when I saw Sally off), but the question was, when would there be a train? And a good deal depended on that question, for though Mrs. Ess Kay and Potter might not exactly have the power to drag me back, I wanted to get as far away from them as I could before they discovered that I had gone.

I was horrified to find when we arrived that, as the Americans say, there was "nothing doing." Not a soul in sight, and there I was, very hot and hysterical, with Vivace and my dressing bag looking like an escaped burglar. I had been so nervous while I was packing that I'd been afraid of everything, even the soap in the soap dish, which had two great blinking bubbles at one end, like a pair of goblin eyes that watched me move, but I was much worse now, and I could have fallen on the neck of the first official person I saw moving about the station after I had waited for perhaps a quarter of an hour. I don't know what he was, but when I appealed to him for news of a train for New York, instead of calling the police to give Vivace and me in charge as a dangerous pair, he scratched his head and said there was a milk train due presently if I was mighty anxious.

A milk train sounded innocent and suitable to a girl travelling alone, but even if it hadn't I should have been thankful to go in it. I couldn't buy a ticket, it appeared, in the ordinary way, but when the milk train came my man introduced me to another. Perhaps he was a milkman; anyway he seemed to have authority and he said as a favor Vivace and I could be taken. He was a nice person, and he talked a great deal after the train had given general false starts and at last had got off. I sat on my bag, as I had on the docks, in a bare, curious car, which really belonged to the milk, and sometimes when we bumped I should have fallen on the floor if it hadn't been for him. He told me all about himself, and wanted to be all about me, but I thought, nice as he was, it would be safer not. He asked leading questions which it was hard to keep from answering unless I hurt his feelings, but I think he somehow got the impression that I was going to see a sick relative, though I never exactly said so.

I don't know what time I should have got to New York if I had had to travel all the way with the milk, for milk, it seems, objects to speed, but after we had joggled along for a couple of hours, we crawled into a station where a real train was ready to start. There were just five minutes to say farewell to my friend and buy a ticket, when, all dashed and panting, I found myself and Vivace and the bag in a car different from any I had seen yet. It had no nice easy chairs and plate glass mirrors and wire nettings in the windows, like the one in which I'd traveled to Newport, but there were two rows of seats, and when the train moved a cloud of coal smoke poured in through the door at the front end. Babies squatted, children whined and their faces grew black and damp with mingled dirt and heat while grownup people scolded, but a dear old lady got into my seat before long, and just because I helped her with a handbox, she made me a present of a huge peach. I was thankful to have it, for by this time I was collapsing with hunger, having been up all night without anything to eat.

The peach made me think of Mr. Brett and the little basket he had sent me on the docks. Then this thought suggested another. He had said he would do anything for me that was in his power, and if he were still in New York it was in his power to help me a good deal. He could tell me how much it would cost to go to Chicago, and he could show me how to get there.

I really believe that at first I hadn't had a thought of seeing him, but once it had got into my head I welcomed it, begged it to sit down and make itself at home.

I could have clapped my hands with joy when I saw the Grand Central station and the delightful café au lait porters with their red caps. It looked as familiar and comforting as if I'd passed through a hundred times instead of once, and I had the nice feeling that now something pleasant was sure to happen, which one has when one first arrives in Paris.

Vivace brightened up, too, and he took me out, rather than I, and I was in such a hurry to get away, for fear Potter might have come after me by a quick train and be looking somewhere, that I flew along with my bag and Vivace without waiting for a porter. I followed other people out of the station, with the intention of finding a

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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## BLIZZARD MARS INAUGURATION

Taft Takes Oath of Office in the Senate Chamber

### OVATION TENDERED ROOSEVELT

Parade is Held in Blush and Gale—Grand Ball and Fireworks Wind Up Eventful Day For New President—Many Reforms Are Promised in His Address to the American People

Washington, March 5.—The first chief executive to take the oath of office in the chamber of the senate in seventy-six years, William Howard Taft, became President of the United States Thursday. The outdoor ceremonies were omitted because of a blizzard which prevailed.

Accompanied to the Capitol by President Roosevelt and a guard of honor through a blinding snow, Mr. Taft returned to the White House just as the sun began to force its way through the thinning clouds of gray. A sudden blizzard sweeping in from the northwest, Wednesday night, to set awry the weather bureau's optimistic promise of "fair and somewhat cooler," caused an abandonment of the outdoor ceremonies on the famous east front of the Capitol, much to Mr. Taft's chagrin, and threatened for a time to stop altogether the brilliant pageant of the afternoon.

By great efforts a passageway was cleared along the centre of Pennsylvania avenue, however, and for nearly three hours President Taft and Vice President Sherman reviewed passing columns replete with martial splendor and picturesque with civic display.

After the brilliant and impressive ceremonies in the senate, during which both president and vice president took the oath of office, President Roosevelt, again a private citizen, bade an affectionate adieu to his successor, while all in the historic chamber looked on in silence, and then hurried away through a side door to take a train for New York. As he passed out of the chamber he was given an ovation quite the same as that tendered the new president.

Outside the Capitol the retiring chief executive was met by the New York county committee and under their escort was driven to the Union station, three blocks away. A band at the head of the column playing "Auld Lang Syne" told the story of the march and Mr. Roosevelt was compelled to stand there again to acknowledge the cheers from the throng which lined his way.

There was a wait of nearly two hours at the station, during which Mr. Roosevelt held an impromptu reception in the presidential suite. Many of his old friends among government officials and the diplomatic corps sought him there for a final word of farewell. As he made his way to the train he was cheered by thousands.

President and Mrs. Taft were the centers of interest at the culminating feature of the memorable day—the inaugural ball in the pension building. The scene in the cavernous building, which had been transformed into a canopyed court of ivory and white, was another of the brilliant pictures which are quiveringly painted here by the gathering of a vast and brilliant assemblage from every section of the country. With all the color and movement of a military spectacle, with the influence of delicately tinted gowns and the interest of a personnel solemnly equipped at a social function, the inaugural ball holds a place unique in the history making of a day.

The Inaugural Address  
President Taft's inaugural speech was about 5000 words in length. Following is an outline of his policies: Roosevelt Reforms—Pledges himself to the maintenance and enforcement of the reforms initiated by President Roosevelt.

Tariff—Revision of the tariff is of pressing importance and a bill must be drawn in accordance with the anti-election promises of the party in power and passed as promptly as possible. He will call an extra session of congress and recommends that no other legislation be attempted.

Deficit—Points out that there will be a national deficit of \$100,000,000 and urges that the new tariff bill be so framed as to restore the balance and provide ample revenue hereafter. If duties prove insufficient, he recommends new kinds of taxation, particularly a graduated inheritance tax.

Army and Navy—Demands an adequate army and a strong navy as the best conservators of our peace with other nations. Our international policy is to promote peace, but in the controversies likely to arise in the Orient, growing out of the open door and other issues, the United States can only maintain her interests and secure respect to her demands if able to back them up by something besides verbal protest and diplomatic note.

Treaty Rights—The president should have power to enforce treaty rights of Asiatic or other aliens in federal courts and not run the risk of war by being obliged to explain that these things are under state or city control.

Money and Banks—Promises that new administration will reform monetary and banking laws so as to secure greater elasticity and allow the giving of aid in case of financial stress.

Postal Savings Banks—Urges incoming congress to enact a proper

Postal savings bank bill.  
Mull Subsidies—Hopes that establishment of new steamship lines to South America and the Orient may be encouraged by mail subsidies.  
Panama Canal—Insists that lock type is most feasible for Panama canal and says he will devote all energy to pushing the work on the plans adopted.

Southern Policy—Disclaims intent to change electoral vote of south, but hopes to promote ever increasing sectional good feeling. Says danger of control by ignorant electors in south has passed and that the negro must base hope for future status on his own industry and self-restraint. The federal government will not interfere with the south in the regulation of its domestic affairs. Executive will, however, exercise a careful discretion in the matter of making negro appointments.

Injunction and Boycott—Pledges himself to promote further legislation to make railroads responsible for the personal safety of employees. Declares for the right issuance of the temporary injunction and declares boycott an instrument of tyranny.

### "GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK"

The Only Message to American People From Theodore Roosevelt

Oyster Bay, N. Y., March 5.—Citizen Theodore Roosevelt, free from all official cares, rests peacefully today in his own home on Sagamore Hill, three miles from this village, after having gone through one of the busiest weeks in his entire life—the final week of his seven years' administration as President of the United States which came to an end at noon yesterday.

Mr. Roosevelt had no message to give the American people after his seven-year term as their chief executive. His last words to all on leaving Washington and sleep then were "Good bye and good luck."

These expressions he has uttered about incessantly for a week to friends numbering thousands, but the cheerfulness with which he said these farewells did not diminish in the least.

To all with whom he talked Mr. Roosevelt declared that while he had a busy time as president, he was glad to lay down the duties of office. To his successor and commented upon the latter's inaugural address as "splendid."

## PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY INDICTED

Alleged Libel in Connection With Panama Canal Purchase

New York, March 5.—The federal grand jury here which has been investigating alleged libelous publications in connection with the Panama canal purchase returned indictments against the Press Publishing company, publishers of the New York World, and Calob Van Haman, one of the editors of The World. The text of the indictments was not made public.

It is understood the indictments are brought under the federal statute which authorizes the prosecution for an offense committed on federal territory, but not mentioned in the United States revised statutes according to the state laws.

### AS IN PREVIOUS YEARS

Woman Suffrage Gets a Black Eye From Massachusetts Solons

Boston, March 5.—The attempt to equalize the privileges of suffrage between men and women met its annual defeat at the state house when the committee on constitutional amendments voted "leave to withdraw" on a petition for woman's suffrage.

The agitation in favor of the granting of the petition this year resulted in a turbulent scene at the state house, in which two noted English suffragettes sought to have the Massachusetts women emulate their English sisters by more forceful actions in the movement for "their rights."

### Aged Couple Killed

Bethel, Me., March 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wheeler were killed while passing over Smith Crossing, which is known as a blind crossing, by a passenger train. They were about 70 years old. Both were dead when picked up by the train crew.

### Receiver For Coal Company

Chicago, March 5.—The Deering Coal company of Delaware, a \$5,000,000 corporation operating mines in Indiana and Illinois, was placed in the hands of a receiver by Judge Kohlsaat in the United States circuit court.

### An Anti-Asiatic Resolution

Sacramento, Cal., March 5.—In lieu of an anti-Japanese statute the senate adopted a resolution calling upon congress to enact an Asiatic exclusion law to keep Japanese as well as Chinese out of the country.

### NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

By a vote of 221 to 40, the New Hampshire house refused to pass the bill raising the age of consent for girls from 15 to 18 years.

The recently completed Second Advent church edifice at Portland, Me., was dedicated with services appropriate to the occasion.

Phillips Reiter academy, by winning the twentieth annual New England indoor interscholastic track meet at Boston, scored the deciding point in the annual competition for the championship trophy.

Despondent because he had recently lost his job in a mill, Henry W. Angell of Wileford, R. I., committed suicide. He was 34 years old.

## DRAPER ISSUES A STATEMENT

"Slightly Infected" Beef Need Not Be Marked For Sale

### NOT CONSIDERED DANGEROUS

Resolution Introduced in Senate Calls For an Investigation—Its Author Says State Laws Strictly Forbid Sale of Meat of a Diseased Animal—Surprised That Governor Had Failed to Take Action

Boston, March 3.—At about the same time that an order was introduced in the state senate calling for an investigation of the manner of disposal of cattle affected with tuberculosis or other diseases in Massachusetts, a lengthy statement of the conditions governing such disposal was issued by Governor Draper, who says:

"There is no occasion for excitement about existing conditions. Substantially all the beef that is sold and consumed in the commonwealth is killed under government conditions, which are the best known in this or any other country. The very small quantity not under government inspection is under the inspection of local officers appointed by the local boards of health."

With reference to demands which have been published recently in local papers that the state should require that the meat of "slightly infected" cattle be so marked when offered for sale, the governor says:

"The United States government does not require the marking for sale of 'slightly infected' beef. No state in the union, as I am informed, at the present time marks meat offered for sale as 'slightly infected.' It is of course understood that this meat referred to as 'slightly infected' is not considered by the United States authorities as dangerous to the people."

The resolution introduced in the senate was offered by Senator Parker of Boston and was referred to the committee on rules. It calls for an investigation by the committee on public health, with instructions to report to the legislature as early as practicable.

Following the governor's statement came a very short report from Senator Parker, who has an order before the legislature for the investigation of the entire system of handling meat in this commonwealth.

Senator Parker declared that Governor Draper had put his statement, that the tainted meat being sold was government inspected against the laws of the commonwealth, which explicitly state that neither diseased meat nor the meat of a diseased animal shall be sold, under a fine and jail penalty.

That Parker's statement means war between the senator and the governor over the tuberculosis meat question is admitted by the most conservative who read the sharp reply of the senator. The latter introduced his order by saying that he had waited for Draper to take action, and was surprised that the governor had failed to do so.

Never has there been an issue before the legislature that has created greater interest. The sentiment is that the matter ought to be inquired into, considering the charge of Chief Melvin of the United States bureau of animal inspection that there are hundreds of cattle being slaughtered every year without any inspection at all.

How far the contention of Dr. Peters that he has discretionary powers in such matters has affected the entire system of administration and demoralized it, is a very pressing question for inquiry.

It is covered by the Parker order for a probing of the transportation, quarantining, inspection and sale of the meat of tuberculosis cows. If that order is passed the people of the state will be given an opportunity to know just how a very important part of its food supply is being administered.

### STEPHENSON RE-ELECTED

Long Deadlock Over Senator From Wisconsin Is Ended

Madison, Wis., March 5.—United States Senator Isaac Stephenson was elected to the United States senate by the joint assembly of the Wisconsin legislature on the twenty-third ballot, having received 62 out of 123 votes cast.

Although Stephenson was the successful candidate at the primary election his opponents fought against his election by the legislature because of the filing of specific charges alleging corruption during the primary campaign.

Author of a Thousand Hymns  
London, March 1.—Albert Midlane died here Sunday. He was born in 1825. Midlane was a noted authority on hymnology. He was the author of about 1000 hymns.

### Coinage For February

Washington, March 2.—The monthly statement of coinage at United States mints shows that for February, 1909, the total coinage was \$5,687,000.

### Cannot Present "Salome" Dance

Kansas City, March 5.—Gertrude Hoffman was enjoined by the circuit court here from presenting her "Salome" dance during the remainder of her engagement here, on the ground that the dance is obnoxious to public morals.

## NO-LICENSE SENTIMENT

Votes of Bay State Cities Reflected in the Town Elections

Boston, March 2.—It was town meeting day yesterday in Massachusetts. All over the state citizens of 133 towns in the state gathered, elected officers and planned whether license or no-license should rule for the next twelve months.

Three places where liquor selling was allowed last year, Greenfield, Montague and Whately, moved into the no-license column, and not a single gain from no-license to license was recorded.

Not only did these towns change to no-license, but the vote, all over the state showed a decided gain in the size of the no-license vote.

### GAINS FOR LICENSE

Two Vermont Cities and Eight "Dry" Towns Go Into "Wet" Column

Montpelier, Vt., March 3.—License made a slight gain in Vermont as the result of yesterday's elections in this state.

Two cities and several towns last year in the "dry" column were won over for license, notably St. Albans and Vergennes and the towns of Northfield, Orwell, Mt. Taber, Barnard, Williston, Fletcher, Westmore and Fairhaven.

There was little general interest in the majority elections in the several cities of the state. Several municipal contests were decided by small margins.

## BOARD OF EDUCATION DEFIED BY STUDENTS

Will Leave High School Rather Than Disband Secret Societies

Auburn, N. Y., March 6.—Sixty boys and fifteen girls who are members of secret organizations in the Auburn high school are to leave the school rather than obey an order of the board of education, which declares that the secret societies must disband.

The organization of the societies last fall was in defiance of a rule that the board adopted over fourteen years ago when members of the Phi Phi, at one of its initiations, subjected a member to such treatment that he collapsed and nearly died. Up to last fall the societies did not exist.

### CRASH ON STEEP GRADE

Motorman Killed by the Piling Up of Seven Trolley Cars

Boston, March 4.—One man was killed, two probably fatally injured and eight other persons hurt by the piling up of seven trolley cars on a steep down grade on Blue Hill avenue last night.

Thomas J. Curley, aged 27, a motorman, was crushed under the front end of his car and died on reaching a hospital.

The probably fatally injured are an unidentified man, about 30 years old, and Arthur Beaumont, aged 28, who are both suffering from concussion of the brain.

The accident was due to the slippery condition of the rails. One of the cars was badly wrecked, while the other six were more or less damaged.

## COULD NOT CURE WEEPING ECZEMA

Disease Began over Ear and Spread till Face and Neck were Raw—Itching, Inflammation and Soreness were Terrible—Lasted Over a Year and All Treatments Failed

### UNTIL CUTICURA AGAIN PROVED GREAT SUCCESS

"Eczema began over the top of my ear. It cracked and then began to spread. I had three different doctors and tried several things, but they did me no good. At last one side of my face and my neck clear up to my hair were raw. The water ran out of it so that I had to wear medicated cotton, and it was so inflamed and sore that I had to put a piece of cloth over my face and to keep the water from it, and it would stain the cloth a sort of yellow. The eczema itched so that it seemed as though I could tear my face all to pieces. The disease began in the fall and I did everything for it until the next winter. Then I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and it was not more than three months before it was all healed up. I still use the Cuticura Resolvent Pills once in a while to cleanse the blood. I am very thankful that I tried Cuticura, and I can recommend it to any one. Miss Ann Pearsons, Northfield, Vt., Dec. 10, '07."

### GROWS HAIR

Cuticura Removes Dandruff and Soothes Itching Scalps.

Warm shampoos with Cuticura Soap, and light dressings with Cuticura, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, destroy hair parasites, soothe the irritated, itching surface, stimulate the hair follicles, loosen the scalp skin, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all other treatment fails.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Itching of Scalp, Eczema, Ringworm, and other Skin Diseases. Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (15c) to Heal the Itch and Cure the Disease, or Cuticura Resolvent Pills (50c) to Purify the Blood. Sold by Druggists, or by mail for 25c. Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, Cuticura Resolvent Pills, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

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If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal or if the lines have all faded at once by a common man. The prescriptions that were on his eyes are now on his eyes. A fine optical repair of all kinds. Quality's prescriptions given personal attention.  
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## Golf in High Altitudes.

It is strange how many golfers there are who fail to appreciate the great effect the density of atmosphere has on the flight of a golf ball. On a still, misty day the ball flies about five yards to ten yards less than it does on a frosty day, when the air is keener and more rarefied, and it is always stated—whether truly or not is unknown—that in an east wind the ball flies farther than it does when the wind blows from the opposite and more acceptable quarter. The writer was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to play many rounds a few years ago on the Johannesburg links in South Africa. These links are situated some 6,000 feet above sea level, and the air is wonderfully rarefied. The ball consequently flew the most surprising distance. As proof of this the winner of a driving competition sent a ball a carry of 225 yards, the second player returning the modest distance of 223 yards. Yet neither of these two players could approach the driving capabilities of good amateur golfers.—Country Life.

## The Yorkshireman.

There is a characteristic glimpse of Yorkshire "downrightness" in the published reminiscences of an English clergyman:

At my institution to Upham a retired colonial bishop, about to take an English benefice, said: "Well, you and I have worked both in north and south. In what points do you consider that they differ?" "Oh, my lord," I answered, "I can soon tell you that. If a Yorkshireman thinks you a fool he comes and tells you so to your face. Down here they go and tell somebody else." "You have exactly hit it," said the bishop. "The difference could not be better described."

Yorkshire regard for the pocket the aforesaid clergyman illustrates in this anecdote:

A groom being asked how long he lived in the south replied, "Twenty years." "What! Have you, a Yorkshireman, lived twenty years down here and not made your fortune?" "Eh," answered the man, "but measther were Yorkshire too."

## Nothing Funny About It.

Scene—A druggist's shop in a small Scotch village, which, as usual with druggists' shops similarly situated, is the general emporium for all sorts of merchandise. Cycling tourist enters and purchases a cigar, after lighting which he attempts to draw the proprietor into conversation, but the latter seems reticent.

The tourist, after passing some remarks on the weather, asked, "Don't you feel trade dull at times in this little village, chemist?"

"Oh, well," replied the druggist, "I canna complain. But, excuse me, minister, I dinna allow smokin' in my shop."

"Indeed!" said the tourist. "That is strange. You sell tobacco and cigars and still don't permit smoking in your shop. It is really rather funny."

"Ou, man," was the reply, "there's naething funny about it. I sell arsenic, but I dinna allow ye to commit suicide in my shop!"

## Barbers and Surgeons.

John La Barbour was the first master of the Hibernian Company of Barbers six centuries ago. At one time the barbers and the surgeons preyed upon the public in loving brotherhood and settled their family quarrels under the roof of one hall. By an agreeable arrangement the community was to be "bled" on a system which forbade the surgeon to cut hair, shampoo or shave and required the barber to proceed no further in the art of healing than the extraction of teeth and "cupping." But as the surgeons grew in the social scale they sighed for relief from their lowly brethren and built a hall and formed a guild of their own, jauntily landing over the joint home in Monkwell street to the barbers.—London Standard.

## Walking Under a Ladder.

A correspondent of the Boston Globe gives this explanation of the old superstition against walking under a ladder: "In former days, when hanging was done after a more primitive and simple fashion than it is today, the victim had generally to pass under the ladder which stood against the gallows for the convenience of the execution, and he passed under that ladder with the fair certainty of being immediately hanged. What the unhappy criminal could not avoid the average pedestrian avoids today, even at the expense of his polished boots, by turning into the roadway."

## Tea Made of White Hair.

"This is white hair you are drinking," said the Chinese underscretary. "White hair! Nonsense! It is delicious tea." The underscretary laughed in his blue brocade sleeve. "No, white hair," he insisted. "White hair—that is, in my language, for pekee means white hair. This tea is called pekee because its leaves were gathered so young that the white downy hairs still grew on them."—Exchange.

## Quite Clean.

Manager—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play? Author—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a white wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—Baltimore American.

## Full of Mystery.

Doctor—And what did you eat for dinner? Patient—I can't tell you. Doctor—You can't tell me? Patient—No. I ordered chicken croquettes and mince pie.—Town Topics.

## Sunday's Journey.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is meant by 'a Sabbath day's journey'?" "I am afraid, my son, that in too many cases it means twice around the golf links."—Washington Star.

Just disclose your schemes lest their failure expose you to ridicule as well as disappointment.

## Did the Best He Could.

In the absence of the regularly appointed spokesman, Mr. Mahanbrakes had reluctantly consented to make a presentation speech.

"Miss Higham," he said, "unfortunately it is my—er—fortunate lot to fulfill the embarrassing—pleasant duty of—of embarrassing a few remarks upon this occasion—which is highly appreciated. I assure you, and by none more so than myself, for the reason that—in short, as I may say, it falls to my lot to convey, so to speak, the assurances of—of that is, with the assurances of those to whom—to whom I have occasion to refer to—more or less—in this connection, together with the best wishes, if I may so express myself, of those who have clubbed together—who have associated themselves—not that you need anything of the kind, of course, but as a token of—as a token of—with which few remarks, Miss Higham, it is my—my pleasant surprise to hand you this gold watch and chain. I—I think you."—Chicago Tribune.

## Returned by the Glacier.

One of the first instances on record of a body returned by a Swiss glacier is that of the Hamel accident, which took place in 1820. Several guides were swept down by an avalanche and hurled into a crevasse. Hamel prophesied that the glacier would yield them up again in the course of a thousand years, but Dr. Forbes believed that the end of the glacier would be reached by the bodies in forty years. This statement was considered bold, but its accuracy was borne out by the event. In forty years the flow of ice brought the bodies to light.

In 1860 Henry Arkwright was lost in a glacier. In just thirty-one years his brother received a telegram from the mayor of Chamouni that the body was found. Every article of clothing was intact. His name and regiment could be read clearly on his handkerchief, and his gold pencil case opened and shut as easily as when he last used it three decades before.—"True Tales of Mountain Adventure."

## Shakespeare and the Actors.

Why do we call Garrick a great actor? Because the box office of his time acclaimed him one. Davies tells us how his first performance of Richard III. was received with loud and reiterated applause. How his "book and actions when he pronounced the words,

"On with his head; so much for Buckingham," were so significant and important from his visible enjoyment of the incident that several loud shouts of approbation proclaimed the triumph of the actor and satisfaction of the audience. A modern purist would have walked out of the playhouse when his ear was insulted by Clibber's tag, but from a theater point of view it is a good tag, and I have always thought it a pity that Shakespeare forgot to set it down himself and left to Clibber the burden of finishing the line.—Judge Parry in Cornhill Magazine.

## Why the Earth Cannot Explode.

The theory is frequently advanced that planets and even suns sometimes explode and that the earth may some day blow up like a bombshell. No celestial body the size of the earth could possibly explode. If the entire molten interior of our globe could be replaced with nitroglycerin and detonated the explosion would not lift the earth's crust. In other words, if we assume that the crust of the earth is from fifty to a hundred miles in thickness it would require something much more powerful than even nitroglycerin to burst the shell. It is necessary only to do a little figuring to see that the pressure of the earth's crust at a depth of from fifty to a hundred miles far exceeds the pressure exerted by the most powerful high explosive.—Hudson Maxim.

## Too Literal.

"Well, yes," said Uncle Naczenberry, who was intimately acquainted with most of the happenings of the village, "Amira Slag has broken off her engagement with Charles Henry Footwiter. They'd be gold together for about eight years, during which time she had been inebriated into him, as you might call it, the beauties of economy. But when she discovered just lately that he had learnt his lesson so well that he had saved up 217 pairs of socks for her to darn immediately after the wedding she 'peared to conclude that he had taken her advice a little too literally and broke off the match."—Puck.

## Moneymaking Frenchmen.

If you meet a family party in a finely appointed carriage on the island of Montreal, who times out of ten it is a French family. That the French can make money when they give their minds to the "game" the fact that the leading family of financiers in Montreal is French indicates.—Toronto Canadian Courier.

## Nothing Dangerous About That.

Hewitt—Delays are dangerous. Jewett—Oh, I don't know. My wife received a letter this morning saying that her mother would have to postpone her visit.—New York Press.

## Business.

New Son-in-law—Here's only 10,000 marks. You promised my wife a dowry of 20,000. Father-in-law—I always knock off 2 per cent for cash.—File

## Foil Him.

Scott—I suppose you are saving up something for a rainy day. Mott—I try to, but my wife mistakes every bargain sale for a shower.—Boston Transcript.

## The Difference.

Marriage is a good thing for single men," said the bridegroom elect. "Hum! Yes," remarked Mr. Henpeck, "for single men only."—New York Times.

The disappointment of manhood succeeds the delusion of youth.—Disraeli.

## SHOWED HIS TICKET.

An Obliging Passenger and a Cranky Station Master.

A cranky station master while examining tickets came across a cattle dealer, well known in the district, who held a season ticket. The station master, being aware of this, usually passed without troubling him to show it.

On this occasion, however, he ordered him in a not very polite manner to produce it, adding in a severe tone: "Mind, I want to see it every time you stop at this station."

Of course the ticket was produced and the official passed on, looking very important and self-satisfied.

A few days later as the early morning mail train drew up at the platform at about 3 o'clock a passenger in a coat of the solitary porter on duty and asked peremptorily for the station master.

"He's in bed, sir," replied the porter. "Tell him I want him," said the passenger.

The porter disappeared and after some delay returned, closely followed by the station master, who was audibly grumbling at being brought out of bed in the cold.

The latter then found himself confronted by his old friend the cattle dealer, who handed him his season ticket, politely asking him to examine it, at the same time reminding him that he had a few days ago expressed a wish to see it "every time he stopped at the station."—London Answers.

## PERPETUAL YOUTH.

It Can Only Be Imparted to the Body Through the Mind.

The elixir of youth lies in the mind or nowhere. You cannot be young by trying to appear so, by dressing youthfully. You must first get rid of the last vestige of thought, of belief, that you are aging. As long as that is in mind cosmetics and youthful dress will amount to very little in changing your appearance. The complexion must first be changed; the thought which has produced the aging condition must be reversed.

If we can only establish the perpetual youth mental attitude, so that we feel young, we have won half the battle against old age. Be sure of this, that whatever you feel regarding your age will be expressed in your body.

Nothing else more effectually retards age than keeping in mind the bright, cheerful, optimistic, hopeful, buoyant picture of youth in all its splendor, magnificence; the alluring picture of the glories which belong to youth—youthful dreams, ideals, hopes and all the qualities which belong to young life.

One great trouble with us is that our imaginations age prematurely. The hard, exacting conditions of our modern, strenuous life tend to harden and dry up the brain and nerve cells and thus seriously injure the power of the imagination, which should be kept fresh, buoyant, elastic.—Success Magazine.

## Eating the Pie.

"I remember one man from my home town," a western senator said recently, "in the good old days before civil service examinations, whose dream of earthly attainment was a government place. When his party was finally successful he immediately set out for Washington and was 'on the job' long before the 4th of March, but there seemed to be a blitch somewhere. All through the spring he was about town. By June he was seedy, but still appeared to be 'game.' Finally I found him in the gallery of the senate chamber apparently endeavoring to kill time."

"Well, have you given it up? I asked, trying to be sympathetic. "Oh, I got the job, all right," he replied, with a satisfied smile. "I'm working now!"—Success Magazine.

## Uncertain.

The secretary of one of the college classes at Princeton, in sending out each year a list of questions to be answered by the members of the class, in order that the results may be duly tabulated and set forth in the university annual, is said always to include in his list this question: "Are you engaged?"

It would seem that one of the members was cursed with doubt in this respect, for in the blank space given over to the query mentioned he made his return as follows:

"Do not know. Am awaiting letter."—Harper's Magazine.

## Transformation.

Mr. Fred Stone, the singing comedian, and Mr. Eugene Wood, the writer, met on Broadway recently. They stopped for a moment to exchange a few cheerful views, when a woman in a particularly noticeable gown passed. Simultaneously Wood turned to Stone. Stone turned to Wood, then both turned to rubber.—Everybody's.

## Patchwork Education.

What the modern child lacks most is the power of observation. He is saturated with smatterings of every kind of knowledge, lives a strenuous life and cannot find time for observation and assimilation.—Madelin Munda.

## Her Claim.

Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transept to my memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church? Mrs. Perry—Well, I guess! She wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.—Harper's Bazar.

## Then He Was Fired.

Editor (to aspiring writer)—You should write so that the most ignorant can understand what you mean. Aspiring—Well, what part of my paragraph don't you understand?

## Very Wise.

Photographer—Look pleasant, please. Victim—I should say not. I want to send this picture to my wife, who is visiting her parents. If I look too happy she'll return home.

Learn to see in another's calamity the ills which you should avoid.—Publius Syrus.

## rter Lockout.

"I must tell you the joke on me," said a business woman who "keeps back" in a cunning little apartment. "Last week I invited two friends for luncheon. As I have just an hour at noon I got everything ready before I left in the morning that could be prepared and set on the ice. I made a lovely salad, a dessert, prepared for toasted muffins and tea and set my table in all its glory, even buying some flowers for a centerpiece. My guests met me at the office and we went to the apartment. What do you think I had done? Left my keys inside and locked the door!"

"There was absolutely no way for us to get in. The janitor had a pass key, but he was away. All the windows on the fire escapes were locked, and there was nothing to do but take my guests to a restaurant. Then I found that I had not even brought my purse from the office, never dreaming that I should need it. I had to ask my guests for money to pay for the luncheon, and, as it happened, they only had a quarter each above their carfare. We went to the cheapest place we could find and had sandwiches and coffee. Wasn't that funny?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Accommodating.

"Some years ago," says a Boston lawyer, "a man in Nantucket was tried for a petty offense and sentenced to four months in jail. A few days after the trial the judge who had imposed sentence, in company with the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man busily engaged in sawing wood."

"The man stopped his work, touched his hat politely and said, 'Good morning, your honor!'"

"The judge, after a careful survey of the man's face, asked: 'Isn't that the man I sentenced to jail a few days ago?'"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, with some hesitation, "that's the man. The fact is, Judge, we—er—we don't happen to have anybody else in jail just now, so we thought it would be a sort of useless expense to hire some one to keep the jail four months just for this one man. So I gave him the jail key and told him it would be all right if he'd sleep there 'o' nights."—Harper's Weekly.

## His Belief.

A drunken carter came into a carriage of the Greenock train and sat opposite a clergyman who was reading his paper. Recognizing the profession of his vis-a-vis, the carter in a little while leaned forward and in a mandala way remarked, "I don't believe there's any heaven."

The clergyman paid no heed. "Do ye hear me?" persisted the carter. "I don't believe there's any heaven."

Still the clergyman remained silent behind his newspaper.

The carter, shouting his confession this time loudly, said, "I tell ye to your face, and you're a minister, that I don't believe there's any heaven."

"Very well," said the clergyman, "if you do not believe there is a heaven go elsewhere, but please go quietly."—London Graphic.

## One of the Lucky Ones.

A lady of title, an ardent motorist, is very unfortunate in the matter of spills. The other day, by no means for the first time, an engineer came to do various repairs to the motor.

The little girl of the house watched and then remarked:

"I think mamma's very unlucky with her motor, don't you?"

"Unlucky, did ye say?" replied the mechanic. "Why, no; not particularly unlucky. Her ladyship's alive, ain't she?"

"Yes, of course she is," said the girl.

"Well," was the rejoinder, with an expressive shake of the head, "lots of our customers ain't."

## His Plausible Excuse.

Magistrate—This affair looks to me more like a common dog fight than a case of assault and battery. You claim that this man assaulted you and that you did not even try to defend yourself, yet he bears the marks of your teeth in three places. How do you account for that?

Plaintiff—Well, it was just like this. He hurt me so when he was a-pound-in of me that I had ter have sumthin' ter bite on, or I couldn't 'a' stood it.—Los Angeles Times.

## East Indian Proverbs.

An old English proverb: "Cut your coat according to your cloth." The following is a similar proverb in India: "Look at your bed before stretching your legs on it." "Don't ask for sauce in a free boarding house," is another Indian proverb which is something like the English proverb, "Beggars must not be choosers."

## A Person of Note.

Colonel White—Your son is quite a tiger. Isn't he, Busenbark? Brother Busenbark—Yassah! Yassah! "Bleeged to yo' for axin'. Dat boy, sah, am eatin' de most malodorous called passon in dis whole town.—Puck.

## Not Duckylike.

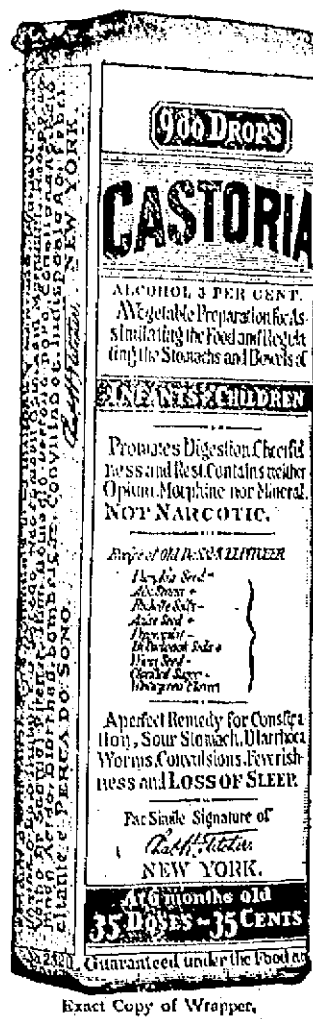
Mrs. Yeast—And did you at one time call your husband a duck? Mrs. Crinoline—Oh, yes. That was before I found out that he'd never take to water!—Yonkers Statesman.

## Young Mr. Cleverness.

Nell—Young Mr. Bledaw is no fool. Belle—No. He's clever enough to have a rich father.—Philadelphia Record.

## An Omelet With Bacon and Potatoes.

An omelet with bacon and potatoes suggested a dish that differs from those one meets every day. Fry half a cup of bacon cut in tiny dice until crisp and brown. Cut raw potatoes into dice and fry a cupful of them in deep fat until deliciously browned. Then make the omelet, folding one-half the fried bacon and potatoes with the omelet, and turn on to a hot platter. Surround with the remainder of the bacon and potatoes.—Boston Transcript.



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## A Great Man.

A Brazilian paper publishes this "child's composition" as an extract from Robert Gomp's "Psychology of the Child": "Charles the Great was a good, brave man. He had a horseshoe which he broke. Whenever he met a Turk he drew his sword and cut the Turk in two, so that the hairy dew (as all ends of the world. He wore the clothes only which his daughter sewed for him. He was very pious. When he could not sleep he prayed. Once upon a time he was kneeling at the foot of the altar. The pope saw him there and admired him, and so he became German emperor. Then he gave the people German names. He founded schools and churches. These learned to read and to write. When he died he sat down in a golden chair and was put in a vault. He is sitting there still."

## The Human Heart.

The heart of man is a book—any. It is an encyclopedia of everything that has ever come within the range of his personal experience. It preserves an eternal record of all the studies in which it has played a part. It is strange what sad things may be hidden in its depths without giving any token of their existence. The heart may be gay and may send the smile mantling to the face, but all the while you see only the rosiest streamer. If the graves beneath were to give up their dead the smiles would seem strangely out of place. It is just like this great earth of ours that renews itself year after year and has not on its surface any token to tell what is the simple truth—that it has given graves to 200 generations of human beings.—Farrell.

## BOAT DWELLERS.

China's Floating Homes and Their Low Caste Population.

Stand beside the Imperial custom house at Canton and let the eye range down the river toward Hongkong. As far as the sight can reach lie boats, boats, and again boats. These are no ordinary craft, mere vessels of transport plying hither and thither, but the countless homes of myriad Chinese, in which millions have been born, lived and died. They are the dwellings of the very poor, who live in them practically free from rent, taxes and other burdens of the ordinary citizen.

The Tankia (which means boat dwellers), as the denizens of these floating houses are called, form a sort of caste apart from the rest of the Cantonese. The shore dwellers regard them as belonging to a lower social order, and indeed they have many customs peculiar to themselves which mark them as a separate community. How the swarming masses of them contrive to support existence is a mystery, but their chief mode of employment is in carrying merchandise and passengers from place to place.—London Lady's Realm.

## A Difficult Position.

A young captain who was drilling the awkward squad commanded thus: "Now, my men, listen to me. When I say 'Halt' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air and remain motionless."—Success Magazine.

## He Mingled.

"Did you meet any of the members of the nobility when you were in Europe?" asked Miss Gashleigh. "Sure, I sat between an earl and a count at a prize fight one evening."—Chicago Record-Herald.



## HIS UMBRELLA.

It Was the Cause of Airing Family Secrets in Public.

A young man was riding in an omnibus. He took the corner seat and held in his hand an umbrella which had been given him as a birthday present. On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious boy, evidently about five years old.

The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments, and then his eyes wandered to the umbrella. He gazed at it in silence for a second; then he wriggled in his seat, clasped his hands and shouted:

"Oh, mamma, don't that look like papa's umbrella?"

"Hush, hush, my child!" said the mother, patting the prodigy on the head.

"Papa was looking for his umbrella this morning, mamma," continued the child wonder.

"Yes, yes, but he found it," said the mother hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to the occupants of the seats.

"Why, mamma," continued the youngster, "you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella! Why, mamma?"

At this stage the small boy was carried howling from the bus.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Hailstones That Kill Cattle.

"Hailstones as big as baseballs—hailstones that kill cattle!"

"Rubbish!"

"It is the truth!" declared the weather man. "These hailstones fall in the neighborhood of the Sierra Tapalgre, near Buenos Aires. Darwin himself is my witness. Darwin testifies for me in his splendid book, 'The Voyage of the Beagle.'"

"The great scientist saw what I saw, hailstones the size of oranges, crashing and smashing with a noise like a railroad collision. After the storm he came upon thirteen dead deer and fifteen dead ostriches. His companions saw several ostriches blinded in one eye and another ostrich running furiously in crazy circles, blinded in both eyes, by those terrible stones."

"What I saw was a herd of forty cattle, all lying dead. About them the grass was gray and white with slain birds—ducks, hawks, partridges."

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"What I saw was a herd of forty cattle, all lying dead. About them the grass was gray and white with slain birds—ducks, hawks, partridges."

## THE CROUCHING TIGER.

A Hunting Incident in the Jungles of India.

Now and then a soldier has been found kneeling on the battlefield as if about to take aim at the enemy, but stone dead. A bullet in the brain had converted him into a statue of himself. Captain Forsyth in his "Highlands of Central India" tells of a similar effect produced by an explosive shell on a tiger.

The captain while in the howdah of his trained elephant hunting a tiger saw the beast crouching under a bush on the bank of a ravine. He took aim and fired a three ounce shell at the tiger's broad forehead. To his surprise, for the distance was but thirty yards, there was no result. Not a motion of the tiger acknowledged the shot. He rode round a quarter of a circle, but still the tiger remained motionless, but looking intently in the same direction. Growing more and more amazed, the captain rode up nearer with his rifle at full cock, but the tiger did not move. Then he caused the elephant to kick the beast. The tiger fell over. He was stone dead. The shell had struck him full in the center of the forehead, burst in his brain and killed him instantly.—Exchange.

## Insects' Wings.

The wings of the housefly vibrate 235 times a second; those of the honey-bee 110.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.—La Rochefoucauld.

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## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and date must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be in plain black stamped envelope, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to Miss M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, New York, N. Y.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1909.

## NOTES.

**SHERMAN**—The following ancestral line of Hon. James S. Sherman, Vice-President of the United States, is of interest at this time.

James S. Sherman, born October 24, 1855, was son of

Ricard Updike Sherman, born June 26, 1819, married Mary, daughter of

Capt. Richard Sherman and Lucetta (Williams) his wife. His father was

Willette H. Sherman, who was born at So. Kingstown, R. I., Jan. 31, 1792,

died at Vernon, N. Y., December 28, 1868. He married (1) 1816, Catharine

Ann, daughter of Col. Lawrence Schoolcraft, a soldier of the Revolution,

and sister of Henry R. Schoolcraft, the Historian. She died in 1834, and he

married (2) Emily, widow of Russell Kirkland, and daughter of Russell Church. The father of Willette Sher-

man was

Robert Sherman, born in Exeter, R. I., September 14, 1752, died on the

homestead in South Kingstown, R. I., Oct. 4, 1829. He married Hopor,

daughter of Ebenezer Brown, February 26, 1777. She was born July 12, 1767,

died in Perry, N. Y., March 29, 1841. Robert Sherman was son of

Jonathan Sherman, born in Exeter, R. I., October 14, 1735, died there April 14, 1778. He married (1) February

6, 1756, Dorcas Sheldon. He married (2) Mary, daughter of Jonathan Card,

of South Kingstown, R. I. She died November 15, 1806. Jonathan Sher-

man was son of

Jonathan Sherman, born at Port-

smouth, R. I., March 7, 1677, died about 1752. His will was proved Jan. 17,

1752. He married, December, 1703, Mary. He was son of

Benjamin Sherman, born in Port-

smouth, R. I., 1650, died there in 1718. He married December 3, 1674, Hannah

Mowry. He was son of

Philip Sherman, born in Dedham, England, baptized Feb. 5, 1619, died at

Portsmouth, R. I., 1688 or 9. He married Sarah Oding, who survived him.

He came from England about 1635, and settled in Roxbury, Mass., admitted freeman in 1638. Came to the

island of Rhode Island in 1638, and in 1639 was chosen Secretary of the new

colony. He was town clerk of Portsmouth for many years, and held various other public offices in the colony.

—E. M. T.

## QUERIES.

6468. CLARK, CARD—I would like to get the pedigree of the following

Anne Clark and Elias Card.

Sally Clark and Henry Card.

Hoxie Clark and Mary Ann Card.

Jennie Clark and Albert Noyes.

2 Clark's who married Jonathan Hazard Card.

Mr. Clark and Hannah Card.

Dates of marriages only of the following:

Mary Clark (of Caleb) and William Card.

Mary Clark (of Thomas J.) and Winton Card.

Job Clark (of Thomas) and Betsy Card.

Parents only of the following:

Alice Clark and Joshua Card.

Peter Clark and Martha Card Brownog.—L. C.

6469. WILLIAMS, DUNHAM—Will

some one give me the maiden name of the wife of Roger Williams, the place

and the date of their marriage.

The name, date of birth (and place) of their daughter who married a man

named Dunham, also, the given name of said Dunham and the date of their

marriage and names and date of birth of male children.

If no daughter married a Dunham, would like the name, date and place of birth of their son who had a daughter

who married the aforesaid Dunham, and the name, date and place of birth of this daughter, and the date and place of their marriage and names and date of birth of male children.

The names of these people and the dates of their marriages are of vital importance to me, in tracing a line of descent.

These people, Dunham and his wife, had a son, William Williams

Dunham, born in Taunton, Mass., March 23, 1783; married in 1805-13

Mary Greenman, daughter of Lieut. Jeremiah Greenman (an aide of Gen. Washington during the war of the Revolution) and his wife, Mary Eddy.

W. Wm. Dunham was the owner of the Providence Journal (also was its editor), and moving from there went to Marietta, Ohio, where he owned the Marietta Gazette and the Zanesville O. Times.—L. D. B.

6470. GREENMAN—Jeremiah Green-

man, a lieutenant of a Rhode Island regiment, during the War of the Revolution, and later a member of the Order of the Cincinnati was born in

Newport, R. I., 1755, 5, 7.

Would like the given name of his father, the maiden name of his mother, the dates and places of their birth, marriage and deaths. Also names, dates and places of births of their children.—L. D. B.

6471. CLARK—Would like ac-

curacy of Ann Clark, who married Nathaniel Foote of Colchester, Conn. He was born Sept. 9, 1682, d. Aug. 20, 1744, and July 4, 1711. She died June 25, 1738.—G. F.

6472. SHIP "SPEEDWELL"—Can

anybody give true and complete list of passengers, of Ship "Speedwell"?

that sailed from London, England, for America, May 28, 1635.—K. L. M. C.

## ANSWERS.

6462. CARD—Mary (or Mery) Card, widow of Clark Card married a Kenyon, name unknown as yet, some time later than 1830. She died at Greenville.

Was this the marriage correspondent had in mind?—I think I can secure more data.—L. C.

6467. ANDREWS, CORRECTION. John Andrews and Mary Lawton, daughter of Daniel, were married July 11, 1728, and not in 1718, as printed.—P. D. H.

## Middletown.

Beginning last Sunday the evening services at the Berkeley Parish House will be discontinued for the present. Cottage services at the various houses among the Parish will be held on Sunday evenings instead.

Rev. Arthur N. Pentecost of St. George's School supplied at St. Mary's Church on last Sunday morning and the Rev. John B. Dinnun will be the preacher for next Sunday. The following Sunday, March 14, the Rev. Frederick W. Goodman, who has been enjoying a few weeks' vacation at the Bermudas will resume his duties at St. Mary's and Holy Cross Chapel.

The Rockingham Dramatic Club and a number of its friends, in all a party of about 20, enjoyed a very pleasant evening on Saturday last, at the home of two of its members, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Wallace Peckham on Indian avenue. 6 tables at progressive whist were played and the latter portion of the evening was spent in dancing. Light refreshments were served.

Miss Sadie E. Peckham returned on Tuesday from a 10 days' visit in Boston. She was accompanied by Mrs. C. Louise Perry, who gave a public reading in Jamestown on Tuesday evening at the Goodwin home, returning to Boston on Wednesday. In her public work Mrs. Perry has the advantage of presenting a number of original productions as she has written many acceptable poems.

The funeral of the late Orpah Jane Wyatt, wife of Mr. James Wyatt of Berkeley Avenue, was largely attended Friday at the Methodist Episcopal Church. The services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. H. Critchlow and the choir, Messrs. John H. Peckham, Robert Smith, Mrs. Ida M. Brown and Miss Sadie L. Peckham sang, "Lead Kindly Light," "Nearer my God to Thee," and "Abide with Me." Covering the delicate gray casket was a profusion of tulips and carnations while in the church and about the pulpit were large potted palms interspersed with tall silver vases of Catalpa, dahlias and carnations.

Two large wreaths of carnations rested against the base of the casket. The interment was in the adjoining cemetery and Mr. Critchlow conducted the committal service. The bearers were Mr. Robert Weatherill, Mr. Charles H. Ward and Messrs. J. Overton and E. Marion Peckham. Following the service, Mr. James Wyatt returned to Newport with his son, Mr. W. Frank Wyatt, with whom he is to make his future home.

A teacher's meeting was held on last Friday afternoon at the Wyatt School. This locality has been chosen as being the most central for the purpose.

One of the old landmarks on Hummel Hill, the big tree in the Withers School yard, has at last succumbed to the ravages of time, and was cut down last week. A number of our older men can recall having eaten their noon lunch as children, under its wide spreading branches and as near as can be estimated it is in the vicinity of 90 years of age. Having become partially decayed through its center there were fears entertained of its falling and injuring the children. At its base the diameter was 3 feet, and portions of it had to be blasted; it was so gnarled and knotted, it defied the axe.

The town pond, which has been unusually low all winter, has become so filled by recent rains as to threaten an overflow.

Farmers are cutting the spring consignment of fertilizer from Mystic, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart attended on Wednesday evening the graduating exercises of their eldest daughter, Miss Louise Mason Hart, from the training school for nurses at the Boston Homeopathic Hospital where she has spent the past 2 years. Miss Hart expects to remain at the Hospital for the present.

The Berkeley Men's Club held its monthly business meeting at the Berkeley Parish House on Wednesday evening and a similar meeting was held on Thursday by St. Columba's Guild.

Mr. J. Overton Charles Peckham who has been suffering severely from a bruised knee is reported as more comfortable.

Mr. Thomas Sherman, who resides with his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Spooner, on the East Main Road, is in a critical condition. He has been a great sufferer from heart trouble for many years.

The turkey supper held on Thursday evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church by the men of the parish was an unusually pleasant, successful and well-attended affair. About 170 tickets were sold and the attendance was very much larger than that figure. Previous to, during the supper and at its close, music was furnished upon the piano by Miss Sadie E. Peckham, Miss Sadie L. Peckham and Mrs. John H. Peckham, and upon the organ by Mr. C. Leroy Grimell, who also operated a large picture talking machine. 150 pounds of turkey were consumed with all the usual adjuncts. Newport and Portsmouth were largely represented in the gathering.

## Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has effected the following sale, some 17 acres in the Rocky Farm district next to Hugh O. Auchincloss, to that gentleman, for Mrs. Le Roy King; and the following rentals, a cottage at 89 South Baptist street for the Shaples Estate to Harnden Rich, an upper tenement at 68 John street for Mrs. Morrell of Jamestown, Connecticut Island, to Max I. Scameryn of New York; and the furnished cottage known as "The Eges House" at No. 11 Kay street to Dr. C. Edward Farman of Middletown; also the unfurnished house at No. 14 Ayrault Street for the Vernon Heirs to the Rev. Elory G. Bowers of Trinity Church.

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The base is solid oak 45 inches wide with full swell front and divided top drawer. The case is heavily posted, finely put together with double top to prevent warping and spreading. The mirror is a 24x30 beveled French plate. Just compare value a little and see what you find—\$14.00

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## THE KILLING OF MARCOTTE

Minister Eastman Justified in Firing the Fatal Shot

Temple, N. H., March 4.—A finding of justifiable homicide, completely exonerating Rev. Harvey Eastman, the young Congregational minister who shot and killed George L. Marcotte, was returned at the hearing held before Justice of the Peace Hall.

The clergyman was one of the posse of citizens who surrounded the house of Brigadier General Miller, U. S. A. (retired), where Marcotte, who was a butler for Miller, was threatening the lives of everybody in sight with a revolver which he discharged promiscuously.

It was a shot from Eastman's gun which silenced Marcotte, the shot penetrating his brain and killing him instantly. Marcotte is said to have been intimated with liquor.

## MAXIMUM FINE OF \$720,000

Motion of Defense in Standard Oil Case Sustained by Court

Chicago, March 3.—Judge Anderson, in the retrial of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, formally sustained the motion of the defense that the government proceed to trial on the theory that there were only thirty-nine alleged offenses, each representing a settlement for shipment.

This will make the maximum fine, if the defendant is convicted, \$720,000.

## HARVARD'S EATING HALLS IN DEBT

Corporation Takes Control From Hands of Students

Cambridge, Mass., March 5.—Student management of Harvard's two great eating halls, Memorial hall and Randall hall, having failed to eke out any profit and, instead, placing both places under a heavy debt, the university corporation last night took over the control of both halls.

At the present time Memorial hall is \$171,000 in arrears and Randall hall's debt amounts to \$31,000. While the management has been changed often it has always been in the hands of the students up to the present time.

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## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE.

Providence, March 3, 1909.

## Public Hearing.

## Labeling Convict Made Goods

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act relating to the labeling, branding or marking of convict made goods"

in Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on

TUESDAY, March 9, 1909,

upon the rising of the Senate.

WALTER A. BOWEN, Chairman pro tem.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE.

Providence, March 3, 1909.

## Public Hearing.

## Common Law Assignments.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act relating to common law assignments for the benefit of creditors."

in Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on

WEDNESDAY, March 10, 1909,

upon the rising of the Senate.

WALTER A. BOWEN, Chairman pro tem.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE.

Providence, March 3, 1909.

## Public Hearing.

## Protection of Lobster Fisheries.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act for the better protection of the Lobster Fisheries."

in Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on

FRIDAY, March 12, 1909,

upon the rising of the Senate.

WALTER A. BOWEN, Chairman pro tem.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE.

Providence, March 3, 1909.

## Public Hearing.

## Inspection of Bakeries, Etc.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act relating to the inspection of Bakeries, Confectioneries and Ice Cream manufactories."

in Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on

TUESDAY, March 16, 1909,

upon the rising of the Senate.

WALTER A. BOWEN, Chairman pro tem.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE.

Providence, March 3, 1909.

## Public Hearing.

## Taxation of Banks and Trust Companies.

Banks and Trust Companies. Unclaimed Deposits.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in

Two Acts relating to the Taxation of Banks and Trust Companies, and the custody of unclaimed deposits,

in Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on

WEDNESDAY, March 17, 1909,

upon the rising of the Senate.

WALTER A. BOWEN, Chairman pro tem.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives.

Providence, March 4, 1909.

## Public Hearing.

The Committee on Corporations of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled

"An Act to Incorporate the General Fire Insurance Company of Providence, Rhode Island."

in Committee Room 208, State House, Providence, on

WEDNESDAY, March 10th, 1909

upon the rising of the House.

HORACE N. HASSARD, Chairman.

J. J. ROSENFELD, Clerk.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives.

Providence, March 4, 1909.

## Public Hearing.

The Committee on Corporations of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled

"An Act to Incorporate the United Insurance Company of Rhode Island."

in Committee Room 208, State House, Providence, on

WEDNESDAY, March 10th, 1909,

upon the rising of the House.

HORACE N. HASSARD, Chairman.

J. J. ROSENFELD, Clerk.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives.

Providence, March 4, 1909.

## Public Hearing.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled

"An Act to Incorporate and Provide for the Regulation of Hunters."

in Committee Room 228, State House, Providence, on

TUESDAY, March 9, 1909,

upon the rising of the House.